borne in a tempeſt,when my mother dide,this world to me is a laſting ſtorme,whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now *Marina*,why doe you weepe alone? How chaunce my daughter is not with you? Doe not conſume your blood with ſorrowing, Haue you a nurſe of me? Lord how your fauours Changd with this vnprofitable woe: Come giue me your flowers,ere the ſea marre it, Walke with *Leonine*,the ayre is quicke there, And it perces and ſharpens the ſtomacke, Come *Leonine* take her by the arme,walke with her.

Mar. No I pray you,Ile not bereaue you of your ſeruãt.

Dion. Come,come,I loue the king your father,and your ſelfe,with more then forraine heart, wee euery day expect him here, when he ſtall come and find our Paragon to all reports thus blaſted.

He will repent the bredth of his great voyage, blame both my Lord and me,that wee haue taken no care to your beſt courſes,goe I pray you,walke and be chearfull once againe, reſerue that excellent complexion, which did ſteale the eyes of yong and old. Care not for me, I can goe home alone.

Mar. Well,I will goe,but yet I haue no deſire too it.

Dion. Come,come,I know tis good for you, walke halfe an houre *Leonine*,at the leaſt, remember what I haue ſed.

Leon. I warrant you Madam.

Dion. Ile leaue you my ſweet Ladie,for a while, pray walke ſoftly,doe not heate your bloud, what, I muſt haue care of you.

Mar. My thanks ſweete Madame,Is the wind Weſterlie that blowes?

Leon. Southweſt.

Mar. When I was borne the wind was North.

Leon. Waſt ſo?

Mar. My father, as nurſe ſes, did neuer feare, but cryed good

good ſea-men to the Saylers, galling his kingly hands haling ropes,and claſping to the Maſt, endured a ſea that almoſt burſt the decke.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was borne, neuer was waues nor winde more violent,and from the ladder tackle,waſhes off a canuas clymer,haſes one, wolt out? and with a dropping induſtrie they skip from ſterne to ſterne: the Boatſwaine whiſtles,and the Maſter calles and trebles their confuſion.

Leon. Come ſay your prayers.

Mnr. What meane you?

Leon. If you require a little ſpace for prayer, I graunt it, pray,but be not tedious,for the Gods are quicke of eare, and I am ſworne to doe my worke with haſte.

Mar. Why,will you kill me?

Leon. To ſatisfie my Ladie.

Mar. Why would ſhee haue mee kild now? as I can remember by my troth,I neuer did her hurt in all my life, I neuer ſpake bad word, nor did ill turne to any liuing creature: Beleeue me law,I neuer killd a Mouſe,nor hurt a Fly: I trode vpon a worme againſt my will,but I wept ſort.How haue I offended, wherein my death might yeeld her anie profite,or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My Commiſſion is not to reaſon of the deed, but doo't.

Mar. You will not doo't for all the world I hope: you are well fauoured, and your lookes foreſhew you haue a gentle heart,I ſaw you lately when you caught hurt in parting two that fought: good footh it ſhewde well in you, do ſo now,your Lady ſeekes my life,Come you betweene,and ſaue poore me the weaker.

Leon. I am ſworne and will diſpatch. *Enter Pirats.*

Pirat. 1. Hold villaine.

Pirat. 2. A prize,a prize.

Pirat. 3. Halfe part mates, halfe part. Come lets haue her.